

Patrick C. Stephenson

It's not cheaper than a toaster — not even a really big \$187 million toaster. The first B-1B bomber to be delivered to the Strategic Air Command lands to a red-carpet reception at Offutt Air Force Base.

Air Force brass, senator bomb news media

By PATRICK C. STEPHENSON

Like excited fans awaiting the arrival of a beautiful starlet, reporters, photographers and cameramen by the dozen swarmed upon Offutt Air Force Base last week to view the landing of the first B-1B bomber to be delivered to the Strategic Air Command (SAC).

The B-1B landing was the highlight of the Air Force Association's National Symposium "Strategic Forces . . . People, Plans and Weapon Systems." The two-day event was held at the Red Lion Motor Inn and featured addresses by Arizona Sen. Barry M. Goldwater, Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman; and Gen. Bennie L. Davis, SAC Commander in Chief.

It was, by local standards at least, a media

event of mammoth proportions, as United States senators, Air Force generals, and a slew of corporate big wheels (representing such companies as Boeing, Northrop, McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics) rubbed elbows at various receptions throughout the day. The symposium was open to the public at a cost of \$200 per person.

The symposium elite — a guest list named slightly fewer than 300 attendees — were shuttled from the Red Lion to Offutt by a cavalcade of chartered buses, complete with police escort. As the buses entered the base, some guests scanned a small group of protestors and expressed disappointment when they failed to spot the Rev. Jesse Jackson.

"I came halfway across the country to get

protested on by Jesse Jackson," exclaimed a voice from the back of one bus, "Hell, I might as well go home."

As the symposium attendees departed from their buses and seated themselves in a reserved grandstand near the airstrip, a small army of photographers lugged tripods, cables and lenses of various sizes up the steps of two large scaffolds. Air Force officers displayed wide grins of satisfaction and reporters hastily scribbled notes as a flawless male voice with tour-guide intonations announced the B-1B's imminent arrival.

A mere speck on the horizon brought much of the crowd to its feet as the B-1B approached the airstrip "to simulate low-altitude penetration into enemy airspace." The 150-ton bomber

ripped past the grandstand in excess of 600 mph, a stream of yellow-brown exhaust trailing behind. A deafening roar shook the earth as the aircraft pulled away from the landing area. The crowd burst into a chorus of delighted applause.

The B-1B circled the base and passed over the airstrip a second time — at the "slow" speed of slightly more than 200 mph — before finally landing and taxiing to a viewing area in front of the grandstand. Cameras clicked and reporters scribbled as Secretary of the Air Force Vern Orr disembarked from the bomber.

The entire ceremony was performed with all the well-rehearsed precision and fanfare of a presidential parade. After briefly addressing the afternoon crowd, the Air Force brass and
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Rev. Jackson addresses 'freedom-loving' Omahans

By SUSAN KUHLMANN

As Strategic Air Command officials at Offutt Air Force Base prepared to witness the B-1B's arrival there last Thursday afternoon, another group gathered to protest the new airplane.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, flanked by banners reading "Strength Through Peace," and "Peace is Patriotic," addressed a crowd of young and old at a noon rally in downtown Omaha's Central Park Mall.

"I'm here today because I want to be here, and this is the right place to be at this hour in American history — to make a witness for peace," Jackson said.

Calling this a time of challenge and re-evaluation, Jackson continued, "As the B-1 lands here today, we stand solidly against the making and the production of the B-1 bomber."

He said one of his reasons for opposing the plane is that it is obsolete and unnecessary. The B-52, Jackson explained, can continue to perform until the Stealth bomber is operational.

He said five American presidents previously have delayed the production of the B-1B (although two went ahead with research on the system). He said the five determined that it was "not a wise investment of American money."

According to Jackson, the system's \$28 billion price tag represents a \$10 billion to \$17 billion cost overrun from the original estimate of \$11.9 billion.

Jackson said he was also opposed to the B-1B's failure to provide security. "We have tripled our military outlay and tripled our insecurity at the same time. We are more vulnerable today than ever before," he said.

The minister made repeated use of phrases like "Give peace a chance," and "Farms over bombs."

The audience, characterized by Jackson as a "cross-section of freedom-loving, hard-working people," expressed its agreement with frequent applause.

The 1984 presidential candidate addressed the problem of the farmers and suggested, "We would do well this day to put more investment in our agriculture department than in the Pentagon. We must feed the world, not bomb the world."

Jackson asked the crowd how it could "stand idly by" and allow the president to cut and veto a farm program designed to sustain farmers and their families, and have a \$10 billion cost overrun for an obsolete line of airplanes.

He said this country should let farmers and the Agriculture Department play a role in foreign policy, not just soldiers. "Let's use bread and butter, not bullets and missiles," Jackson said.

He said many of the country's corporations are now enjoying an economic recovery, some by breaking unions, replacing people with robots, or taking jobs to the "slave-labor market" abroad. Ninety-thousand corporations made a profit last year and paid no taxes, he said.

However, according to Jackson, many people are suffering an economic setback. He said under the Reagan administration there are now 12 million more people in poverty. Most of these, said Jackson, are white, female and young.

Because hunger hurts everyone, regardless of color, Jackson said someone must "wipe out hunger in a nation of plenty."

He urged his listeners to forget their differences and work together. "If we can pull for the University of Nebraska to win football games together, we can feed the hungry together and save farms together and get jobs together and get justice together," Jackson said.

The religious leader also said that Jesus would tell people today to "love your enemies." He explained that if you love your enemy, you first have to look at him, which is wiser than turning your back on him. He said, "If you love your enemy, you have to talk to him; if you talk, you act; and if you act, you'll change things."



Roger Tunis

Jackson speaking at Central Park Mall rally. "Let's use bread and butter, not bullets and missiles."

Air Force generals, Goldwater criticize news media

(continued from page 1)

Other distinguished guests smiled politely and answered a barrage of questions from the reporters and news crews who stuck cameras and microphones into their faces.

Ironically, these same reporters — more accurately, the news media at large — would be the subject of considerable criticism throughout the two-day Air Force symposium.

Shortly after the B-1B landing, Goldwater delivered a short address in which he made reference to the "unfriendly press" that the B-1 project was forced to overcome. Later that evening, the senator spoke before a dinner crowd at the Red Lion. Goldwater told the audience that space is "the future" of American security.

"I think so much of this," he said, "that I actually believe that the country who controls space will have the power to create peace that can last forever."

The senator said the proposed Strategic De-

fense Initiative ("Star Wars") is currently being hindered by what he called "thoughtless opposition" to the funding of the project. According to Goldwater, much of this opposition can be attributed to the growing number of young congressmen "who do not remember wars, who knew nothing about them and who do not attach much importance therefore to the need for defense."

Similar sentiments were expressed earlier in the day by Davis. According to the general, a great deal of the controversy surrounding the nation's defense projects is blown out of proportion by "sensationalism" on the part of Congress and "selective reporting" by the news media.

"Americans want — as a matter of fact, they insist on — a strong defense. I don't believe there's anywhere near the resistance to defense spending in the general public as there is in the Congress," said Davis.

The general also cited the "fun" which some

members of the press have with reporting on the outrageous prices which have been inadvertently paid for such common items as hammers, wrenches and toilet seats. "I hesitate to call this a public relations problem, but that's mostly what it is," he said.

Gen. Lawrence A. Skantze, Commander of the Air Force Systems Command, also attacked the press for its "sensational headlines about mismanagement and cost overruns." Skantze said the news media has a "serious responsibility" to accurately inform the public. The general's comments came during an address which he delivered at the Red Lion last Friday.


"Defense acquisition, the first step in the creation of military capability, is a complex, regulated, lengthy, process. It deserves balanced treatment in the press," he said.

Most of the presentations at the two-day symposium included considerable praise of the

B-1B bomber. The bomber is the first long-range, heavy strategic bomber to be presented to SAC since the B-52 became operational 20 years ago. Goldwater said the B-52 could be used to perform the same high-speed tactics of the B-1B "if you didn't mind the wings flapping up and down 13 feet."

The B-1B that landed at SAC last week was intended for delivery to Dyess Air Force Base in Abilene, Texas. However, this member of what Goldwater called "the bomber fleet of the future" was grounded due to engine problems. A substitute was flown to Dyess from California.

Production schedules call for 100 B-1B bombers to be built by the spring of 1988. Four of the aircraft will be delivered to SAC this year, 32 in 1986, 48 in 1987 and 14 in 1988. Two bombers will be stationed at Edwards Air Force Base, California, for continued testing.



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Photos by Vicky Cerino

The 11th Annual Summer Arts Festival drew large crowds to downtown Omaha June 28-30. The air was filled with the sound of music, the aroma of ethnic foods and brightly colored balloons.

Summer Arts Festival festooned with fetching fare

Omaha's annual Summer Arts Festival has become a fair with a flair. For one thing, it's big — more than 175 regional artists displayed their work on the sidewalks and plazas surrounding the Douglas County Courthouse and the Civic Center last weekend.

But unlike most art fairs, spectators had a chance to exhibit their own artistic abilities, building sandcastles on a beach, painting and making music on wind chimes.

Another added and welcome attraction to this year's festival was the balmy weather. Last year, severe thunderstorm warnings and high winds put a damper on the festivities.

"The best thing about the festival this year was the weather," said Kathy Kaufman of Wood-N-Toys. "That means a lot to the artists." She said the crowd was good this year, and the event very well-organized.

So this year, the sounds of live music rather than strong winds filled the air. UNO's radio station KVNO-FM, sponsored live broadcasts of music and live theatre performances.

KVNO's entertainment theme this year was a salute to Johann Sebastian Bach, commemorating his 300th birthday. A special performance by Bach impersonator Charles Krutz was the thematic highlight. Krutz, a music professor at Concordia College in Seward, Neb., dressed in 17th century garb, and performed a monologue as Bach, followed by renditions of Bach's musical compositions.

Krutz spent six months in Europe researching Bach's life and music, and recently completed a six-month U.S. tour portraying Bach. According to his son Jim, Krutz made the tour "to get rid of the stuffy stereotype classical music has . . . he wants to portray the human side of Bach."

Back-to-back with Bach, on the corner of 17th and Farnam St., was a man-made, four-by-eight foot beachfront. A lifeguard tower and large umbrella marked the site of the sandcastle competition.

Six teams competed in the contest, hosted by Omaha's chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Mitch Elliot of Purdy and Slack Architects said the contestants were judged in categories including best-dressed team, most energy-efficient, most cost-effective, most Ivory Tower (unrealistic) and best unicorn dwelling.

And for the knee-high crowd, bored with browsing through untouchables, the Children's Museum exhibit offered a creative outlet.

Children could create lasting impressions of their handprints and festival keepsakes after dipping their hands in paint, then pressing them on paper. Some waited in line for as long as 120 minutes for a chance to paint their faces at a scaled-down version of a make-up table. Entertainment geared toward the younger audience included mime Ricky Smith and ethnic folkdances performed by children.

And the City Council chamber was temporarily converted to a movie theatre for a film festival sponsored by the New Cinema Cooperative. Award-winning short films were shown throughout the weekend. One of the coordinators of the film festival and volunteer projectionist, Roger Tunis, said the response to the films had been positive.

But for those in the buying mood, it was a fairgoers field day, with choices ranging from designer fashions, stained glass, original prints and serigraphs, to wooden toys and pottery.

One of the more eye-catching displays was pottery designed and crafted by Judhe Fulkerson, the Dragon Lady. Her nickname comes from the dragons which characterize her coffee mugs, wall hangings and decorations. And the dragons are not pretty.

"There's no challenge in loving anything that is highly socially acceptable," she said. "The true test of love is loving the strange — that tests your level of compassion."

But many people just come to browse through the menagerie, see the sights and enjoy the weather. Mary Ellen Robinson of Omaha and Verna Bolz of Lincoln said they have made the Summer Arts Festival a regular stop on their summer agenda.

"We come every year to see the different artwork and get ideas," said Robinson. "It's one of my don't-miss-it summer events."

The Summer Arts Festival was sponsored by Summer Arts Festival Inc. It is supported in part, by a grant from United Artist Omaha and receives additional funding from businesses and other organizations.



Left: Impersonator Charles Krutz brings back Bach in commemoration of the composer's 300th birthday. Above: Sifting for lost love letters was not a category in this year's sandcastle competition. Right: Judhe Fulkerson displays the pottery which earned her the nickname, Dragon Lady.



Comment

The B-1B, Jesse Jackson and other media events

There are media events and then there are *media events*. New Coke was just a media event. If it weren't for the well-planned "leaks" revealing the change in Coca-Cola's formula, huge ads and blindfolded taste tests (even the *Village Voice* got into the act a few weeks ago), few people would have known or cared that there was a change in the formula. Because of all the hoopla, people bought Coke just to see if it was really any different than before.

Not that I cared, of course. All colas taste like sugar, carbonated water, caramel coloring and natural and artificial flavors to me, but then, I flunked the Pepsi Challenge.

But last week, the B-1 bomber and Jesse Jackson came to town on the same day. Now, those were *media events*!

Judging from the coverage, the B-1B's coming-out party was a bigger bash than Willy Theisen's birthday party. With a cover charge of \$200 a head, it should have been. (The press got in free, but paid for it by sitting through jabs at the media's coverage of military affairs.) Since the B-1B is a \$187 million plane, maybe \$200 per person is fairly cheap.

After all the praise heaped on the bomber by Sen. Barry Goldwater, Gen. Bennie Davis, SAC commander-in-chief, and other supporters, it may have been a shock for some that the B-1B wasn't the only star of the show.

"I came halfway across the country to get protested on by Jesse Jackson," one guest was overheard saying. "Hell, I might as well go home."

The Jesse Jackson show was seen by almost as many people. About 2,000 viewed the B-1 landing, while approximately 1,500

went to Central Park Mall to listen to Jackson. Of course, Jackson's speech was free and attracted a lunch-hour crowd as well as sympathizers.

It was a familiar message couched in familiar terms — "farms, not arms"; "give peace a chance." The sermon was well-received by many of the converted, but did the message get through to the lunch-hour crowd and the celebrity-seekers?

Often that's the problem with media events — people not already committed to one side or another tend to remember the event, not the message. Most of the people who attended the arrival of the B-1B already had their minds made up. The B-1B is good business, a commitment to a strong military defense is important, the press has given the military and military contractors a raw deal.

Many, if not most, of the people who went to hear Jesse Jackson speak also had their minds made up. Everyone should work for peace. Huge military budgets waste money that could be better spent on helping those who are suffering, such as the poor, farmers, the homeless. At any rate, the B-1 is wasteful and there are more effective defense alternatives.

The already committed people will remember the purpose of the events they chose to attend. Most people, however, will remember the events, or one or two of the major participants. The messages of each speaker will be forgotten.

Oh, well. In six months, few people will even remember that there was a "new" Coke.

There are some media events that almost everyone could do

without. Case in point: the recent hijacking of a TWA jet resulting in 39 hostages. Sunday, the hostages were released, and, if all went well, they are now back in the United States.

According to most reports, the 39 managed to survive their 17 days of captivity well. Still, no one should be asked to survive that kind of ordeal.

Blackmail such as this is not an effective form of persuasion for long. Sooner or later, countries threatened in this manner fight back, more out of vengeance than from a conviction that the terrorists' positions are wrong. Unfortunately, there is no way to reason with a terrorist. Even the threat of violence seems to be no deterrent.

That may be the worst thing about terrorism. I could tell you that there may be some causes worth dying for, but there are *no* causes worth threatening the lives of other people for. You could agree or disagree, as you choose.

A terrorist wouldn't want to argue the point. All he would do is shoot.

Did any of you catch the Living Today section in Sunday's *World-Herald*? The front page featured two quizzes — one to check your Yuppie quotient, the other to see if you're a Yubbie (Young Urban Breadwinner). The peculiarities of Yuppies are well-known by this time. Yubbies, among other things, bowl, chug beer without a glass and prefer Burger King.

Well, I took the quizzes and flunked them both. What does that make me *now*?

—KAREN NELSON

The Porch Swing by Kevin Cole

Strike talk?

The boys of summer.

That tag, the title of a best-selling book by Roger Kahn, conjures up memories of the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1950s, especially the world-champion 1955 team with Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson.

Since that time of legendary baseball feats, the boys of summer has come to stand for all baseball players. A lyrical phrase evokes a nostalgic yearning for baseball of another area.

There was a time when players were not measured by their last contract negotiation but by their statistics; a time when drinking problems were hushed up and unreported by newspapers, not the era of cocaine dependency relapses.

In the days of Bobby Thompson, Hank Bauer, Joe DiMaggio, Willie Mays, Don Larsen, Ted Williams and Hank Greenberg, no one had ever heard of a players association, let alone had the gall to talk of strikes.

Free agency? Forget it. That was as unthinkable as someone surpassing Babe Ruth's home run mark or Ty Cobb's hit total. Such things would never come to pass, was the wisdom of the day.

"The ownership-knows-what's-best-for-the-players" was the accepted line in baseball. God forbid the dumb jocks should ever be listened to or asked their opinion. Medieval sounding, right?

Two feudal estates, the land of AL and the fief of NL, together and separately dictated the movements, earnings and destiny of their servile inhabitants. Well, Curt Flood and Andy Messersmith, sort of baseball's Robin Hoods, helped change much of that. But no system of labor with an antitrust exemption is exactly defenseless.

Since 1966 and the arrival of Marvin Miller as executive director and general counsel to the Players Association, the players began uniting in a solid wall of support for their union. The unanimous votes by teams on association positions won concessions from the owners as much as Miller's shrewd legal footwork.

Halfway through this winding recitation you wonder (if you're still around, that is), so what? What does this have to do with a porch swing, hot summer nights and you or me?

Well, those blue-blooded owners are now claiming poverty. Free agency, arbitration and

the pension plan have all but bankrupted them, they say. Catch-22 is that they won't open their purses to inspection.

Catch-23 is that if there is an impasse in the negotiations (which the owners have been loathe to take seriously lest they dirty their hands with the affairs of mere servants), the people who are really going to suffer are the fans, which I, and probably you, are.

The view from the swing is this. Yes, the modern-era ballplayer is well paid. But he's not asking for an increase only to retain the right, to quit a team when his contract is over and place himself and his skills in a free and open market place.

Yes, there is a need to take care of the drug problem. But that problem is not unique to athletes, it is a problem of society as a whole. To demand the players take a urinalysis test is as discriminatory an idea as has even been hatched in the labor market.

Do the owners take drug tests? (Are they even restrained from associating with known gamblers? No.) Teachers do not take drug tests and neither do most other professional people, including doctors, lawyers and politicians.

As for the owners going broke — don't make me laugh. Their refusal to open the books and justify their claims speaks volumes. Rather than to come to the negotiating table and work on the common problem of averting a strike season such as those of 1972 and 1981 when the players offered to talk back in November, the owners began using their vast media resources to whip up public sympathy for their cause and against the players.

If a strike comes, and it is becoming more probable each day, I for one will blame the owners for their condescending attitude and stubborn stance.

A dozen years ago, the players laid their position before the courts of the land and finally came away with many of the rights other American working men have had for decades. It comes as no surprise to this corner that they would like a little open and above board discussion before surrendering any of their gains.

Oh, while we are at it, one porch visitor wants to know how the owners can claim poverty when George Steinbrenner, who bought the Yankee 10 years ago for \$10 million, can reject a recent offer of \$100 million.



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Op Ed

Not signing up for draft means jail — if you talk about it

Washington — Of the 500,000 young men who have not registered for the draft in the past five years, only 17 have been indicted. Of that group, only four have been jailed. The others have cases pending, have had dismissals or performed community service after jury convictions. In late March, the Supreme Court became involved for the first time. Dissent, conscience and free speech had a bruising day.

In a 7-2 decision (with Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan as the reliable two), the Court ruled that David Wayne must stand trial again in his home state of California on the charge of noncompliance. What David Wayne has in common with the 16 other conscientious objectors was his decision to make his protest public. The Supreme Court calls them "vocal nonregistrants."

The term vocal was left undefined. It might mean anything from shouting from the local post-office rooftop, "Hell no, I won't go," to flooding the media with press releases. In fact, the decibels were nowhere that high for Wayne or the others.

Vocal meant that most of them merely wrote to public officials. To Jimmy Carter, who reinstated the draft in 1980 and whose top domestic adviser said the move "will send a strong message to the Soviet Union that this country is resolved to do what is necessary in the long run to meet its aggression," Wayne sent a letter: "I decided to obey my conscience rather than your law. I did not register for your draft. I will never register for your draft. Nor will I ever cooperate with yours or any other military system, despite the laws I might break or the consequences which may befall me."

After writing a similar letter to the Selective Service and

receiving no reply, Wayne dispatched a second letter. Why not send messages to his government, since it wanted to use him to send a message to the Soviet Union: "Last August, I wrote to inform you of my intention not to register for the draft. Well, I did not register and still plan never to do so, but thus far I have received no reply to my letter, much less any news about your much-threatened prosecutions. I must interpret your silence as meaning that you are too busy or disorganized to respond to letters or keep track of us draft-age youth. So I will keep you posted of my whereabouts."

Such posting apparently helped. Soon after, Selective Service sent Wayne's name — along with 132 others — to the Justice Department for investigation and possible prosecution. Until then, the Reagan administration's policy was one of "passive enforcement." To the Reagan administration, all these resisting teen-agers were certainly a crime wave — and, for sure, too, a threat to national security — but active enforcement by way of tracking down the 500,000 violators was not practical.

In July 1982, Wayne was indicted for draft resistance. He fought the charges on the ground of selective prosecution. He argues that his being public about his defiance, rather than the defiance itself, was the blip by which the government's radar noticed him. Wayne believed this kind of selective prosecution violated the right to free speech under the First Amendment.

A district court in California agreed. It was no coincidence, it ruled, that those being prosecuted were the ones who had spoken out: "The inference is strong that the government could have located nonvocal nonregistrants, but chose not to."

An appeals court reversed and reinstated the indictment. Two

weeks ago, the Supreme Court upheld the second ruling. Justice Lewis Powell said, that if Wayne's view prevailed, "the government could not constitutionally prosecute a self-reporter — even in an active enforcement system — unless perhaps it could prove that it would have prosecuted him without his letter. On principle, such a view would allow any criminal to obtain immunity from prosecution simply by reporting himself and claiming that he did so in order to 'protest' the law. The First Amendment confers no such immunity from prosecution."

Comparing a conscientious objector like Wayne to "any criminal" is blatantly unfair. He and the other 16 indicted young men were motivated by religious or social convictions that cooperation with the violent methods of the military is morally wrong. They come out of a tradition of dissent, conscience and free speech that is a true strength of America in the way that weapons never will be. Henry Thoreau wrote in "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience" that sometime fighting an unjust law is not worth the trouble. But "if (a law) is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine" of government.

To many, the machine of war preparation appears to be out of control, as the nation's largest-ever military buildup proceeds on schedule. Only a few dissent. The heroism of David Wayne and the other indicted draft resisters is that they are choosing to stand alone exactly when reason is being replaced by nationalistic slogans about standing tall.

—COLMAN MCCARTHY

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We aren't doing badly for decendants of rock dandruff

Well, I've finally run into the same problem Kevin Cole seems to have every issue . . . nothing to write about. Will I take the cheap way out like Cole does and make up some crock with myself as the fast-talking, beer-guzzling, girl-goling hero?

Naw, one Kevin is more than enough. Maybe I could take the Jeff Kallman route and string together so many obscure-but-obviously-important names, dates, historical references, quotes, quips, acquaintances and correspondence that it will just *seem* like I'm saying something important.

Shoot, Jeff keeps more obscure-but-obviously-important things in his billfold than I've ever run across in my entire life . . . I couldn't compete. I guess I'll just talk about the first true organism, clay.

As explained by A. G. Cairns-Smith in June's *Scientific American*, carbon-based biochemicals are altogether too complex to have been the original components of life. Sure, you can

produce a few of the basic ones in a test tube, but even the simplest biochemical organism is incredibly complex and "high-tech" compared to prevailing conditions on the primitive earth.

The earliest organisms had to be fairly easily put together from available materials into simple versions that worked. They also had to qualify as organisms by evolving as they reproduced. This meant they had to have genes to pass on, and that these genes would genes provide occasional mutations which would also be inherited. Some of these mutations would benefit the organism in specific environments, leading to differentiation.

Well, clay qualifies. It's made of simple geochemicals like silicic acid and hydrated metal ions formed by the weathering of hard rock. It spontaneously assembles itself from these simple chemicals through crystallization, producing regular and replicable lattices that happen to contain enough defects to hold a lot of infor-

mation and provide for mutations.

These crystals grow, divide by cleavage, and continue growing as per their inherited genetic crystal lattice instructions.

Clay is then practically a geochemical gene and nothing else. Somewhere along the line organic molecules became incorporated in highly evolved clay organisms as structural materials, perhaps catalysing clay synthesis by making metal ions more soluble or changing the crystal structure in a specifically beneficial way. When these organic extras became replicable molecules playing an important role within the organism, the groundwork was laid for the eventual takeover of organic molecules as soon as competent protein synthesis appeared. Then the clay scaffolding could be eliminated, and finer and more complex organisms could evolve biochemically.

So there you have it. Life began as clay. The Ancient Greeks knew it all along. We spent a few minutes together and learned something.

And just think, if you'd read this same article written by Kevin Cole, he'd have said he heard it from some nitwit in Pauli's during a Cubbies game, or told you how he wished he knew a woman made of clay so he could cut off her legs and stick a six-pack on her head.

And if Jeff Kallman had written it, he'd have gotten the scoop in a letter from some kindred literati in Europe, or perhaps spent an invigorating evening of discussion in a little bistro on the North Shore with a friend of an acquaintance who knew a co-worker of the author's lab assistant.

Fortunately, I was able to share this bit of natural history with you while bluffing my way through an editorial and taking pot-shots at Kevin and Jeff all at the same time. And you were able to read it. And Jeff and Kevin are able to respond. Not bad for the descendants of rock dandruff, eh?

—DAN PRESCHER

Review

Tyrrell's 'Crack-Up' tracks liberals to padded cells

Babylon, N.Y., June 26 — "How," asks R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., opening chapter two of *The Liberal Crack-Up* (Simon and Schuster, \$16.95), "are we to . . . chronicle the Liberal saga from the mountaintop to the padded cells?" One answer is given across 232 pages of this jarring and joyous book: take up the pen, dip it into a beaker of sodium pentathol, dust the point with laughing gas, and thrust it straight to the jugular veins of those who "curled up into a fetal position, rejected the American eagle, and exalted the ostrich."

The total number of such is enough to cause concern that the job at hand is as arduous as exhuming common sense from a slumber party at the United Nations. But those familiar with Mr. Tyrrell's *modus operandi* and its usual headquarters know he makes the task appear as flawless as Willie Mays overtaking fly balls other outfielders watch carom off walls.

Mr. Tyrrell founded and has edited from its birth *The American Spectator*, a journal of opinion which in its battering of ideas and ideamongers witless (at least) and dangerous (at worst) is so shameless, a good many people presume the editor and his henchmen to be out for nothing more than a right old time at the fraternity beer bust.

That thought is comforting to targets of the *Spectator's* attrition. But make no errors in perception: Mr. Tyrrell and his henchmen, even as they induce a near-terminal case of the hard-deeharhars, are serious as a heart attack, which knowledge drives his critics to limiment martinis with a twist, all the while denouncing him as a neo-pseudo-Menckeneque superbrat in desperate need of a good fanning over the knees of Eleanor Roosevelt. They can hardly fathom the persistence of a thoughtful, highly literate writer who has mastered, at their expense, the most difficult extant of political exegesis: the intellect on the prowl with a joy buzzer in his hand, and a cartridge belt full of

trick streamers, who would sooner have short-sheeted the beds at the Democratic National Committee than fallen for an idea as witless as Watergate.

What arouses R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.'s wrath, and greases his wonderwheels, is the near-complete decomposition of liberalism, from a gathering of noble ideas and brave strokes into a wasteland of carelessness, hypocrisy, and self-destruction; from access to excess. He has witnessed the cult of the victim as it kidnapped the original reaffirmation of civil rights; he watched the authoritarians of environmentalism rape and plunder the conservation fraternity; he observed appeasers, who exorcise the West and whitewash the Soviet fraternity, castrate the human rights watch; he has seen redistributionists replace need with a politics of envy which made welfare somewhat more profitable than work. He has been yelling "Stop!" with no regard as to whether or not his targets suffer losses or damage.

But even as he is of the utmost seriousness about his profession, there is throughout this book a peculiar reluctance on the part of the author to take himself quite so seriously, although this too is wrapped in a snicker:

"I have been a Christian and a gentleman all my adult life," he writes, "lapsing only once when a rowdy in a Chicago café made sport of my bowler and white gloves. Why would anyone call me impolite — and besides, how would anyone know? American manners have grown very lax . . . Near-naked joggers sweat and wheeze up Fifth Avenue at high noon unmolested; they pass Saks and Bergdorf Goodman, but no lady shopper would dream of bashing one with a parasol."

Notwithstanding, sample a few further rounds of strafing: "A peanut farmer from a crossroads village, who had made his way to the governorship of Georgia playing the Kluxian toot one minute and the Negro Blues the next, now had confected

a song and dance incorporating Reinhold Niebuhr, Karl Barth, Bob Dylan, Martin Luther King, Jr., the Allman Brothers, and a dozen or so Liberal aphrodisiacs. Yet the Liberal intelligentsia warmed to him." (On Jimmy Carter.)

"John Laffin, in a human rights study published by the Foundation for the Study of Plural Societies in the Hague, summed up the assessment of most historians when he wrote: 'Arabs have played the major role in the world slave trade and one of the major parts in the use and exploitation of slaves.' Yet the new black leaders . . . recognized the Arabs as true brothers engaged in one of the great liberation movements of modern times — namely: the liberation of dollars from Western banks." (On the Black Caucus, Andrew Young, and Jesse Jackson.)

"Since the 1960s this dreadful gasbag and her lunatic sisters had harangued an entire generation of young women and left millions of them miserable . . . For the 1980s (she) prescribed having babies . . . Had all the women of the fevered brow finally turned themselves in to the mental-health authorities? Feminism in the early 1980s . . . became but one more of the accumulating mounds of weird false pieties observed in America by the disingenuous and the stupid." (On Betty Friedan and feminism.)

No one would guarantee, of course, that those in sympathy with Mr. Tyrrell's too-oft-deserving targets will wish to enshrine the author in the hall of the saints, with appropriate ceremony and honor. But one would need to be the most soured and jaded of bores to be unaffected by the exorcising mirth within this impetuous, intelligent, and engaging little book.

Should they read from cover to cover and back again, they should know that the extracts above are but warmup pitches: Mr. Tyrrell throws curves which would make a Hall of Fame pitcher wonder where he'd been the past 10 years.

—JEFFREY A. KALLMAN

Holocaust survivor remembers life under Nazi regime

By MARY BAUM

Seventy-year-old Carl Rosenberg is a survivor. A Polish Jew, he lived in Warsaw at the outbreak of World War II. Though he escaped the infamous Warsaw Ghetto, he was a prisoner in Nazi concentration camps for the next five years.

When asked to recount his story as a Holocaust survivor, Rosenberg replied, "It is not just *one* story. It involves the stories of six-and-one-half million Jews who died, and those of us who survived."

Rosenberg's struggle with the Nazis began in Warsaw, in September 1939. The German army had attacked, and for 18 days, Carl and his fellow Poles fought to defend the city. On the 18th day, Poland surrendered, and Carl was held briefly as a prisoner of war.

By December 1939, Rosenberg said the German army had completely taken over the lives of the Jewish population in Warsaw, restricting their use of water, fuel, food, transportation and communications.

"Then came the order to build the ghetto. Thousands of men and women had to come and work. The German soldiers beat the people and used them as tractor animals to pull cattle cars. They would shoot and hang people," he said.

And, the terrorization became more intense. "The German military would drive down the streets with mounted machine guns and open fire for fun on the people walking, watching them die, falling with the bullets for two blocks or so."

Rosenberg's older sister was a victim of one of those shooting sprees.

In March 1940, a Gestapo officer confided in Rosenberg. "One evening I delivered some work to his apartment. He was very friendly to me and said, 'Look, Carl, I want to tell you something secretly. They will be closing the ghetto and no one will live through it. Everyone will be killed.'"

Rosenberg told his parents, two sisters and two brothers, and they decided Rosenberg should leave Warsaw for Wlanov, his mother's birthplace. There, they hoped he could find safety and send for the family when the time was right.

But traveling was dangerous. "I could not be Jewish anymore. I dressed up as a Christian. A Christian neighbor lady gave me a cross to wear, and I took the name Karol Kuzalski."

Traveling by boat and on foot, Rosenberg safely reached the home of an aunt in Wlanov. But the German army had overtaken that city too. "At that time, it was impossible to live in Wlanov. The Germans took the young people away at nights. Some never returned. They were killed or sent to labor camps."

But the scene in Wlanov changed when the Germans began to advertise for workers needed to build an airbase. He went to the recruiting office and volunteered his services as

this pass," he said. With a pass, travel was easier.

Busse and Rosenberg remained friends. Through his help, Rosenberg brought his family from Warsaw's ghetto to Wlanov. Though they lived through some "very black days," Rosenberg and others worked on the airbase and maintained residences in Wlanov.

Rosenberg and Busse came up with a plan to renovate an abandoned POW camp in Wlanov which could house 1,500 Jews. Busse

anov labor camp.

It was during this period that Rosenberg's younger brother was killed. He had gone into town to buy supplies for the camp office. Rosenberg said while his brother was in town, "he bought one-half kilo of bread from a woman. On the road back to camp, the police stopped him, found the bread and shot him."

"Inspector Ruby asked how I felt about it and I said, 'Like I ought to cry,' and I did." The next day, Ruby told him, "If I ever see you cry again, I will shoot you. No more crying," he ordered.

"I walked away from him. I was ashamed of my life. I was ashamed that my race had to suffer so much before death. I cannot describe my situation to you."

Ruby's order to Rosenberg to suppress his emotions had a devastating effect on him. "I was broken," he said, "They took away everything. I was ashamed to lift my eyes, to see the beautiful sky. I became like marble . . . like a stone . . . a brick."

Rosenberg did not remain under Ruby's eye for long. In May 1943, the Wlanov prisoners were moved to Blizyn, a labor camp, and remained there for one year. "When the Russian army began to move the Germans farther and farther back, we were loaded on the cattle cars and transported to Auschwitz."

Rosenberg said he confronted Dr. Joseph Mengele, the "Angel of Death" several times while at Auschwitz. "He was a sadist. He performed barbaric, inhuman practices to satisfy himself as an individual. But, *he* was not the only one," Rosenberg said.

Rosenberg saw his mother for the last time at Auschwitz. "Across the barbed wire she blessed us and said, 'Me and dad, we know we have to die. But I'm offering my life for you and hope some of you will survive.'"

"I was standing between life and death at Auschwitz," Rosenberg said, "Seeing my mother's face and behind her, the fiery columns of smoke. I said to her, 'Mom, if we die, we know we are dying with love.'"

Soon after, Rosenberg was transferred to Dachau, another concentration camp.

There, Rosenberg said he could do little to

(continued on page 7)

KYNE records tailor's story

KYNE-TV producer/director Dale Bottum said the easiest task in producing the documentary, "From Auschwitz to Omaha . . . Carl Rosenberg Remembers," was the subject himself. "He talks about his experiences so candidly."

The program aired June 3 on Channel 26. The documentary recounts Rosenberg's experiences as a Polish Jew in Nazi concentration camps during World War II, his liberation and subsequent success as a tailor.

Scriptwriter Kay Weinstein concurred with Bottum and said Rosenberg "feels very compelled to talk because of what he's been through. I spent a week researching (the Holocaust) and I couldn't sleep at night it was so upsetting. I knew the history, the background, but the *magnitude* . . ."

The toughest part of producing the show, Bottum said, was capsulizing the three

hours of interviews with Rosenberg into less than 30 minutes.



KYNE-TV Director of Broadcasting Don Peterson said the station has received "a great amount of post-response" to the documentary, and plans to broadcast it again in August. Peterson said the production was jointly funded by Nebraskans for Public Television and UNO.

a tailor.

Rosenberg was sent to the commanding officer who was to have a profound effect on his life. "I went to his office. He got up and looked at me twice, looked the doors and rolled down the window shades. 'It doesn't look good,' I said to myself."

"My name is Otto Busse," he said to me. "I am responsible for the construction of this airbase. I want you to know I will never hurt you. I am a true Christian. I am not a Nazi. What can I do for you?"

Relieved, and thinking quickly, Rosenberg asked Busse for a pass. "This was my saviour,

would be the commander of the camp. The plan was approved by German authorities and according to Rosenberg, "We were protected by Otto Busse. As long as he was there, there was no death or killing. He was an angel to us . . . a righteous human being."

Eventually, Busse was reported to his commanding officer as "a Jewish lover." His replacement officer was a man named Herman Ruby. For the first time, and many times to come, Rosenberg witnessed killings at the Wal-

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Time: Monday, Wednesday, & Friday.
12:00-12:50

Place: HPER 202

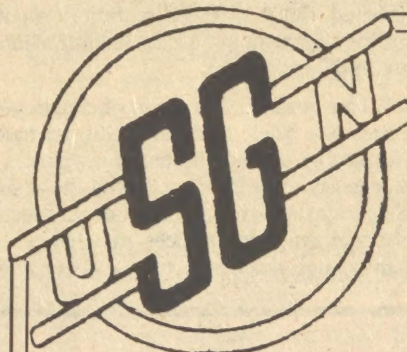
Dates: Monday, July 15 - Wednesday,
July 31 (8 sessions)

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Student Government

The following positions are now open:

Academic Planning Council	1 graduate
Educational Policy Advisory Committee	1 undergraduate
UNIVERSITY COMMITTEES	
Athletics	1 position
Business Services	1 position
Computer Usage	2 positions
Cultural Affairs	1 position
Honors and Awards	1 position
Improvement of Instruction	1 position
Library and Educational Resources	1 position
Student Affairs	1 position
Publications	2 positions

For more information or applications, contact Student Government, Room 134, Milo Bail Student Center.

Weekend Wire . . .

More music at museum

Dear regular Weekend Wire readers: if you have glanced at the bottom of this article, you may have already realized that the original, and heretofore only, writer of his column does not have his name affixed.

In fact, last week for the first time in 73 Friday editions of *The Gateway*, this column did not appear at all. It seems that one Kenny Williams, the Wire's author, would rather make big bucks in his native state of Kansas roofing buildings than sit around Omaha, work his part-time job and crank out columns for the paper.

At any rate, I and others with *Gateway* connections will try and keep up Kenny's consistent high standing of interesting columns about people, places and happenings in the Omaha entertainment industry.

We would like to note, however, that under no circumstances will we ever refer to a hodgepodge of weekend activities as "a mixed bag." A potpourri of activity, a cavalcade of events or a wide array of entertainment offerings or even a parcel of pleasure pastimes, maybe, but no more mixed bags. That trite euphemism is now taboo.

Hey Kenny, this is easier than you ever let on. I'm halfway through and I haven't even done anything but zing you.

Seriously though, there are lot of great entertainment ideas out there in Omaha this summer if you take the time to look and even try the offbeat and unusual. Now you know why Kenny wrote this column.

For starters, the Joslyn Museum is always a

good place to check for different entertainment programs. This summer one of its offerings is the music in the Garden series.

For five Fridays in July and August, the museum's Sculpture Garden will turn into a musical theme park. Local musicians ranging in style from country to soft rock will perform, free of charge, from 11:45 a.m. until 1:15 p.m.

A picnic lunch buffet, including sandwiches, salads, chilled soups and cold drinks, will be available for purchase. Concertgoers are also welcome to bring their own picnic lunches.

The series begins July 12 with Curly Ennis and the Roadrangers. The Nebraska National Guard 43rd Army Band's Jazz Ensemble will deliver big-band era tunes July 19. Nuncio Pomodoro and his group of Dixieland and Jazz musicians are scheduled for July 26. Another group, 'bout time!, featuring Liz Westphalen on piano and Andy Hall on bass, will perform standards by jazz legends as well as own compositions Aug. 2.

The series will close with the always pleas-

ant, two-part harmonies of Michele Phillips and Earl Bates. The duo performs just about everything from folk music to the Beatles to Linda Rondstadt.

Bates, who probably has as much to do with the music and entertainment industry as anyone in Omaha, whether he's singing, acting or making bookings for other groups, said he was surprised by the number of people attending the opening performance of the series last year.

"It's a beautiful space they've created for the series," Bates said. "Everyone can just sit down on the lawn or bring their lawn chairs. It's a great time and we had a real nice turnout."

For those people working downtown, or anyone with a little time to spare for some quality homegrown talent, give yourself a treat and stop by.

And remember there may be no such thing as a free lunch, but at least you won't have to pay for the entertainment.

—KEVIN COLE

Classifieds

Business ads: minimum charge \$2.50 per insertion. UNO students, faculty and staff: \$1.50 per insertion for non-business advertising. Ad size: 5 lines, 30 spaces per line; 50 cents each additional line. Lost & found ads pertaining to UNO are free. **PREPAYMENT REQUIRED FOR ALL ADS.** Deadline: noon Monday for Friday's issue.

LOST & FOUND:
FOR ITEMS LOST AT UNO, contact Campus Security, EAB 100, 554-2648. Turned-in items can be claimed by a description and proper identification.

PERSONALS:
WOMAN STUDENT: free apartment in home near UNO in exchange for minimal duties. Call 556-3212 or 1-944-2459 collect.

ADOPTION: A childless white couple, with many blessings except blessing of having a child, wish to adopt privately an infant to 1-year-old. We can give a child a loving home/family. All expenses paid. Please call collect anytime. Gail and Bill, 201-927-9075.

FATHERLESS BOYS NEED A volunteer Big Brother for friendship 3 to 4 hours a week. Call Ronald Troy at 339-9720.

WANTED:
FEMALE TO SHARE APT starting August 1. I am a good student who also enjoys a good time. If interested call Laura at 390-9838.

HELP WANTED:
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Rosenberg recalls struggles

(continued from page 6)

help others. He said he hoped those dying would die as fast as possible. "So they don't suffer anymore. once the suffering was over, I made a blessing that the punishment will never touch them anymore."

In April 1945, the Allies were advancing. Rosenberg said the Dachau prisoners were moved out for the "Death March" to the Tyrol Mountains in Italy.

Eventually, Rosenberg and other prisoners were led to a barn and locked in. Their guards fled. Early the next day, Rosenberg said, "We heard heavy noises on the road. We didn't know who it was. One of us looked out the window and began shouting, 'A white star! A white star!' It was the Americans."

"I cannot describe what it felt like at the moment of liberation. That struggle of 5 years and 3 months — to be a slave to the Nazi's orders, to survive as a Jew and to be able to rebuild my life . . ."

Rosenberg spent the next several months in military hospitals. He was now 30 years old, weighed only 105, had bleeding ulcers, and suffered from malnutrition and memory loss. None of his immediate family had survived.

Three of his cousins, all Holocaust survivors, managed to locate him in Bavaria. One of his cousins, Rachel, became his wife in 1946. Three years later, the couple immigrated to the United States, "the happiest day in my life," Rosenberg said.

Now living in Omaha, the Rosenbergs have three children. Rosenberg opened Carl's Tailor and Clothier in the early 1950s.

Rosenberg said he does not want people to forget the Holocaust. He speaks at local schools and has written a book based on his experiences. Rosenberg said there is an "untold history" known only to Holocaust survivors.

"It's impossible to describe the ways that people were forced to live . . . up to that moment of blessing when they died," he said.

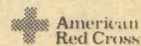
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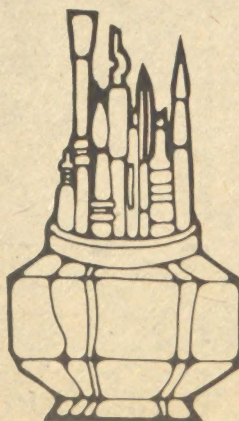
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554-2470

Annex 26

WANTED:

ASSISTANT ADVERTISING MANAGER



Responsibilities:

Make-up and design of ads, including typestyle, border, and art selection.

Must be available for deadline days and proofing.

Assists in the management of the sales representatives.

This is a paying position.

For more info contact

The Gateway, 554-2470

Annex 26

What's Next

UNO, yoga and you

Campus Recreation is offering a noon-hour yoga class beginning July 15. Instructor Karen Lindemer will work with students to help them achieve flexibility, strength, self-esteem and good concentration. Students will stretch and relax to music, learn classical yoga postures, perform deep-breathing exercises and pick up tips on positive thinking and mental awareness.

The non-credit class meets Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12-12:50 p.m. Cost is \$30. You must be a current UNO student, faculty or staff member or current activity card holder. Register in HPER Room 100 by July 11, or call 554-2539 for more information.

Worlds of Fun — cheap!

Campus Recreation and the Student Center are offering discount Worlds of Fun/Ocean of Fun passports for sale. Single-day passports to Worlds of Fun cost \$9.50, including tax. The usual cost for a single-day passport is \$13.95, including tax. A special two-park passport allowing the user into both Worlds of Fun and Oceans of Fun is available for \$14.50. The passports are on sale in the Campus Recreation office, HPER Room 100 and the Student Center games desk, first floor.

Degree deadline

Today is the last day for students planning to graduate Aug. 17 to apply for their degree. Register in the Registrar's Office

first floor in the Eppley Administration Building.

Shuttle service

Shuttle bus service between UNO and Ak-Sar-Ben parking, 64th and Center Streets, will be available Monday through Friday from 6:30 to 11 a.m. The shuttle bus stops at Lot J (the crosswalk between the Library and the Engineering Building), the Student Center/Eppley Administration Building bus stop and 60th and Dodge Streets. Ak-Sar-Ben parking and the shuttle bus service is free.

Work-study available

Two work-study positions are available at the Women's Resource Center beginning in August. Applicants need to have a general knowledge of women's issues and interest in learning more. Knowledge of office organization, typing and public relations would be helpful. The students will work 20 hours per week, and both part-time and full-time students are eligible to apply. For an appointment and more information, call Helene Quigley, 554-2730.

Bluegrass pioneer

Bill Monroe, often called the "father of bluegrass," will give two shows at UNO's Performing Arts Center July 18. Appearing with Monroe will be the Bluegrass Boys. All tickets for the 7 and 9 p.m. shows are \$7.50, and are on sale at Brandeis ticket

offices and Tix, 1621 Howard Street. To order by phone, call Brandeis at 399-6640, or Tix, 342-7107.

Drums return to Caniglia

The Drums Across the Midlands drum and bugle corps competition returns to UNO's Al Caniglia Field July 25 at 7:30 p.m. Last year's competition was held at Bellevue East High School because of construction.

The show will feature 800 drummers, buglers and color guards belonging to seven groups: Omaha's River City Railmen; the Dubuque, Iowa, Colts; Hutchinson, Kan., Sky Riders; Denver Blue Knights; Concord, Calif., Blue Devils; Sacramento, Calif., Freelancers; and the Santa Clara, Calif., Vanguard.

Reserved tickets are \$7 before July 18, \$8 afterwards. General admission (available the day of the show only) is \$4. To order reserved tickets, send a check or money order payable to River City Railmen and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to River City Railmen, Box 27247, Ralston, Neb. 68127.

Graduate waiver

Monday is the last day for graduate students to apply for the Graduate Regents Tuition Waiver. Applications can be picked up in the Graduate Studies Office, Eppley Administration Building Room 204. Students must have a current Financial Aid Form on file with the Financial Aid Office in order to be eligible.

Single & Pregnant?

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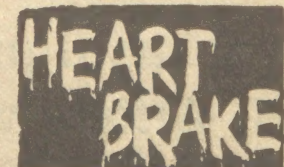
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Sunday	Monday-Thursday
25¢ draws	25¢ draws
\$1 pitchers	\$1 pitchers
7:30 p.m.-10 p.m.	8:30-11:00 p.m.

**No Cover charge
Sunday - Thursday**

**5 Blocks North of Broadway
on 16th St. - Council Bluffs
322-4510**

UNO LIBRARY